MADE MEN
TOBIN
SUSINI
DUARTE
TEMOFONTE
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MADE MEN

PREVIOUSLY: Do you know Jutte Shelley? Maybe under her other name, Jutte Frankenstein. She used to be a Detroit police officer, but now she's getting back in the family business… by resurrecting her murdered teammates. Of course, she had to make a few deals in the process. Bringing people back from the dead ain't easy. Or cheap.

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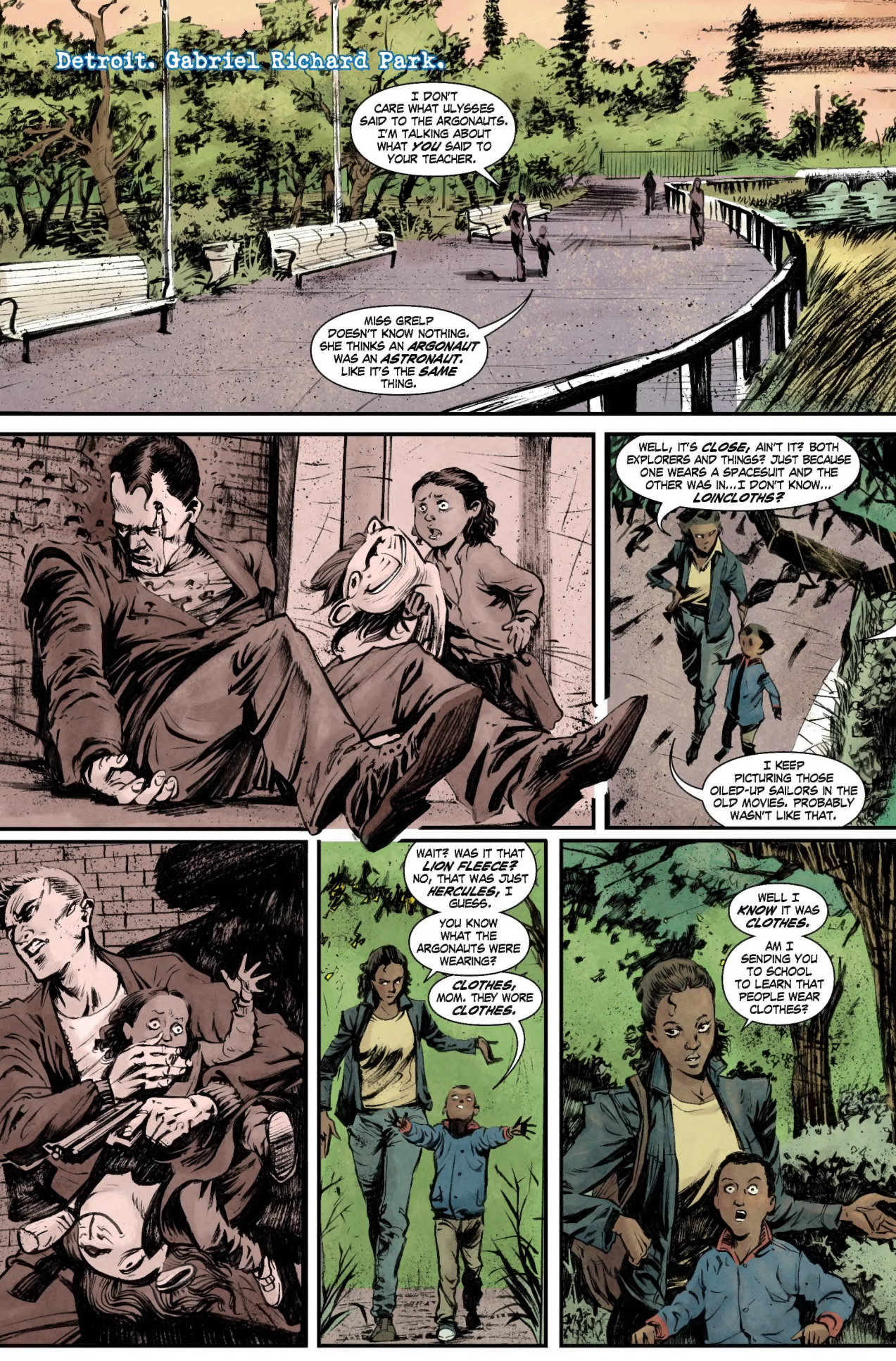
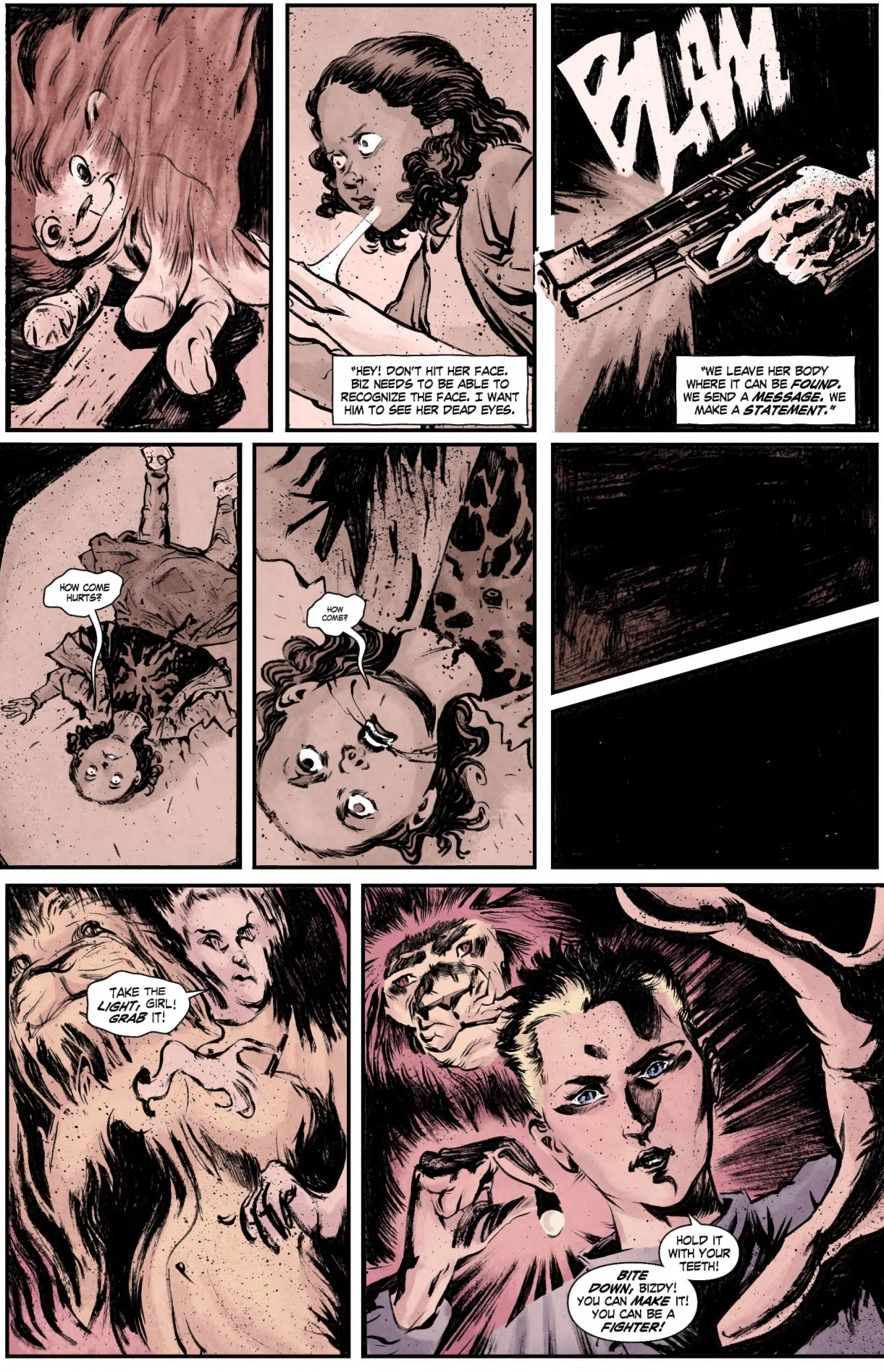

Detroit. Gabriel Richard Park.
I DON'T CARE WHAT ULYSSES SAID TO THE ARGONAUTS. I'M TALKING ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID TO YOUR TEACHER.
MISS GRELP DOESN'T KNOW NOTHING. SHE THINKS AN ARGONAUT WAS AN ASTRONAUT. LIKE IT'S THE SAME THING.
WELL, IT'S CLOSE, AIN'T IT? BOTH EXPLORERS AND THINGS? JUST BECAUSE ONE WEARS A SPACESUIT AND THE OTHER WAS IN... I DON'T KNOW... LOINCLOTHS?
I KEEP PICTURING THOSE OILED-UP SAILORS IN THE OLD MOVIES. PROBABLY WASN'T LIKE THAT.
WAIT? WAS IT THAT LION FLEECE? NO, THAT WAS JUST HERCULES, I GUESS.
YOU KNOW WHAT THE ARGONAUTS WERE WEARING?
CLOTHES, MOM. THEY WORE CLOTHES.
WELL I KNOW IT WAS CLOTHES.
AM I SENDING YOU TO SCHOOL TO LEARN THAT PEOPLE WEAR CLOTHES?

OH... SHIT.
MOMMY?
BIZDY, YOU QUIT SCREAMING OR I WILL PUT A GODDAMN BULLET THROUGH YOUR GODDAMN HEAD.
OH, YOUR DADDY'S GONNA PAY A LOT FOR YOU. A LOT. AND IT WON'T MAKE A SPIT OF A DIFFERENCE, BECAUSE...
...YOU DON'T MAKE IT OUT OF THIS ONE. YOU DON'T.
GIVE ME THAT! GIVE IT UP!
NO! MR. LION! MR. LION!


"HEY! DON'T HIT HER FACE. BIZ NEEDS TO BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE THE FACE. I WANT HIM TO SEE HER DEAD EYES.
BLAM
"WE LEAVE HER BODY WHERE IT CAN BE FOUND. WE SEND A MESSAGE. WE MAKE A STATEMENT."
HOW COME HURTS?
HOW COME?
TAKE THE LIGHT, GIRL! GRAB IT!
HOLD IT WITH YOUR TEETH!
BITE DOWN, BIZDY! YOU CAN MAKE IT! YOU CAN BE A FIGHTER!

THROAT TORN OUT. LIKE A DAMN ANIMAL GOT TO HIM. SOMETHING BIG, I'D SAY.
AND SOMEONE SHOT UP HIS LEG. GAVE HIM A COUPLE IN THE CHEST. SMACKED HIM AROUND, TOO. LACERATIONS. BROKEN BONES. ET CETERA AND ET CETERA.
THIS MAN...SYLVESTER "SHARPY" THORPE, HE DID NOT HAVE A GOOD DAY.
WELL, HE'S GOT A RECORD THAT STRETCHES TO THE MOON AND NOW HE'S MESSING WITH MY DAY. INCONSIDERATE.
YOU SAY YOU FOUND A NOTE ON HIM?
YEAH. IT SAYS...'AUGUST 14TH, PUSKIN'S BAR."
AND BEFORE YOU ASK IF IT MEANS ANYTHING...OUT BACK OF PUSKIN'S BAR WAS WHERE JUTTE SHELLEY AND HER SQUAD WERE AMBUSHED, AND DISAPPEARED.
AND AUGUST 14TH WAS THE DAY.
AWW, DAMN. WHAT A CHUNKY PISS. YOU SERIOUS? THE DAY AND THE DATE?
YEAH. I'M ONE OF THOSE ASSHOLES WHO TELL THE TRUTH.
I HATE THAT KIND.
WELL, OL' SHARPY IS THE REAL MESSAGE HERE, THEN. BODY LEFT RIGHT WHERE IT COULD BE FOUND.
A REAL STATEMENT, HERE.
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? SOMEBODY COVERING THEIR TRACKS?
COULD BE, AYERS. COULD BE.
I'D SAY THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET INTERESTING IN DETROIT.
THINGS ARE ALWAYS INTERESTING IN DETROIT, ASSHOLE.
THINGS AIN'T NEVER PRETTY, BUT WE GOT INTERESTING ALL UP IN OUR ASS.

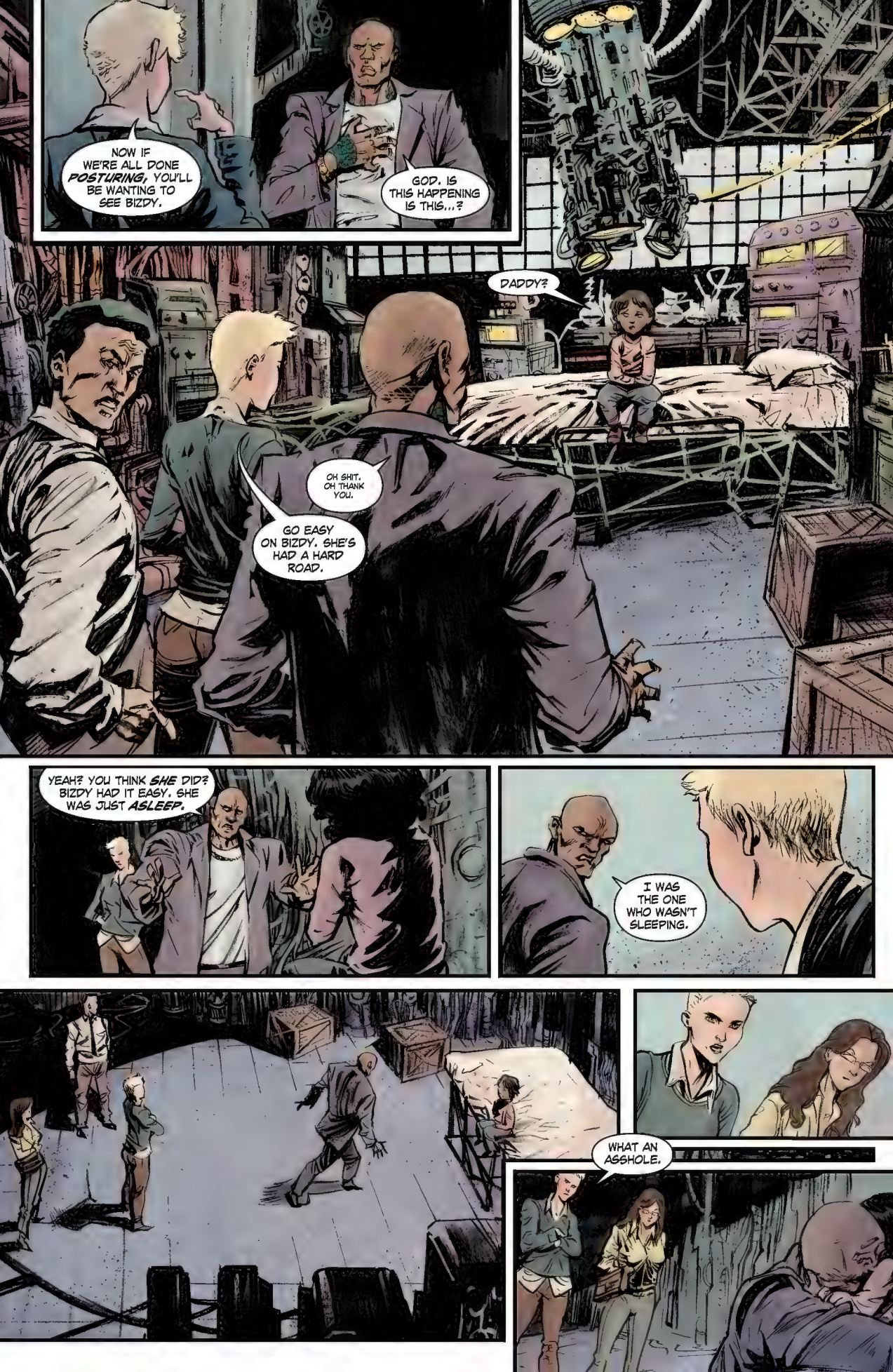
Two days later.
YOU SWEATING, BIZ?
FUCK YOU, SARKK.
HEY, BOSS. I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHING BY IT, SERIOUSLY.
IT'S JUST, YOU'RE ACTING NERVOUS AND I WANT TO KNOW IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO BE NERVOUS ABOUT.
FUCK YOU, SARKK. JUTTE SAYS SHE RAISED MY DAUGHTER BIZDY FROM THE DEAD. OF COURSE I'M GODDAMN NERVOUS.
I'M LIKE A TEENAGE BOY STANDING NAKED IN A NUN'S OFFICE WITH THE DEVIL'S HORNS TATTOOED ON MY BALLS.
IF YOU SAY SO. AND...THIS IS THE PLACE YOU GAVE THAT JUTTE WOMAN? WHAT'S UP WITH HER?
CAN SHE... CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ASKING THIS...CAN SHE REALLY RAISE THE DEAD?
THIS ON THE UP AND UP? NO SHIT AND NO DREAM AND I'M NOT DRUNK? WE ALL SOBER, HERE?
HARRISON... YOU'VE DONE THE RESEARCH. TELL SARKK ABOUT JUTTE.

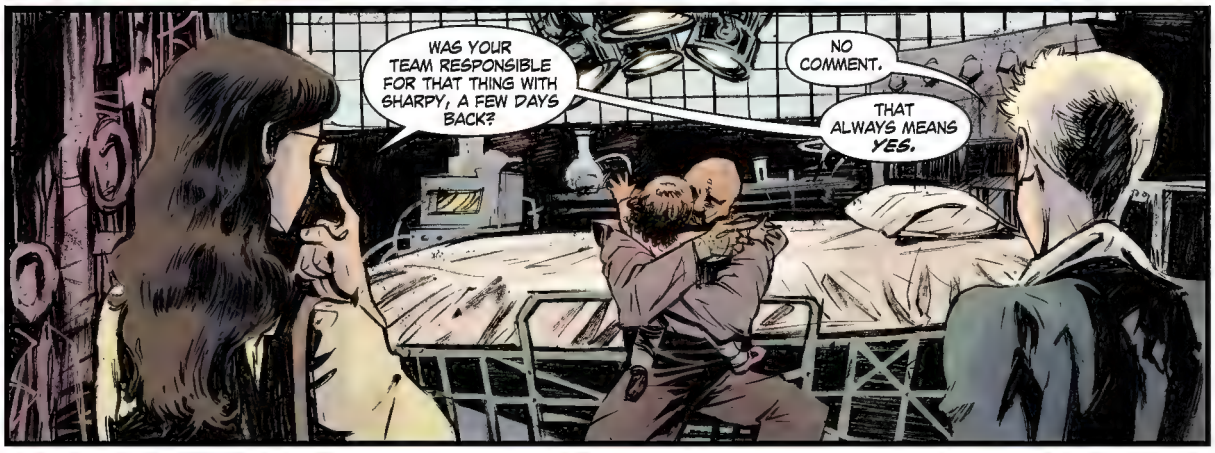
"WELL, SHE USED TO GO BY JUTTE SHELLEY, BUT SHE'S GONE BACK TO HER FAMILY NAME. FRANKENSTEIN. JUTTE FRANKENSTEIN.
"GENOVESE DESCENT. BAD TEMPER AND BAD JOKES, ACCORDING TO PEOPLE IN HER OLD PRECINCT. THAT'S THE 11TH, OVER ACROSS BELLE ISLAND.
DEAD BECKONING
"WORKED AS A SPECIAL OPERATIONS OFFICER UNTIL SHE WAS AMBUSHED AND... POSSIBLY...KILLED.
"SHE WRITES URBAN FANTASY NOVELS UNDER THE PEN NAME OF VICTORIA PHOENIX.
"ACCORDING TO HER BLOGS, SHE ENJOYS TRAVEL, FASHION, SWORDS, SCIENCE, THE OCCULT, SOMETHING SHE CALLS TWO-NIGHT-STANDS, AND A FULLY LOADED TAR-21 ASSAULT RIFLE."

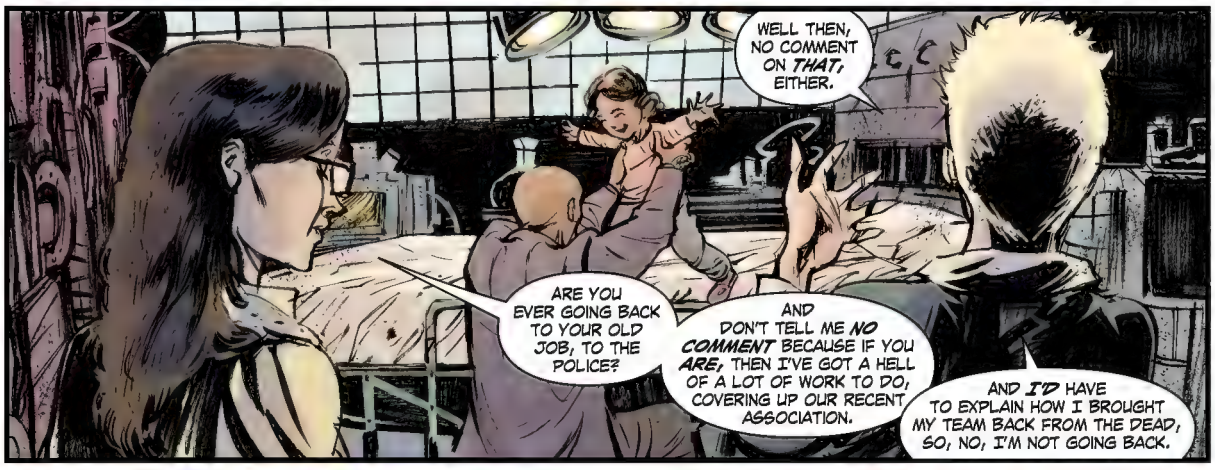
KNOCK
KNOCK
JESUS. SHE SOUNDS SEXY AS SHIT.
WE'RE HERE FOR BUSINESS. START ACTING LIKE IT.
YOU STILL OWN THIS PLACE, RIGHT?
WHY WE KNOCKING?
TAP
BIZ WAS KNOCKING BECAUSE HE, LIKE MOST PEOPLE, HATES BEING SHOT.
HOW ABOUT YOU? YOU HATE BEING SHOT? OR ARE YOU ONE OF THE SPECIAL ONES?
WHY DON'T YOU PULL THE TRIGGER AND FIND OUT?
I DON'T THINK ANY WOMAN WHO BLOGS ABOUT FASHION IS GOING TO...
FIRST... I COULD SPIT YOU OUT WITHOUT EVEN EATING YOU UP.
AND, SECOND, WATCH YOUR TONE AROUND ME, BECAUSE...

ROARR!
...YOU'RE MAKING LEO BRISTLE.
HOLY PIGS SHIT.
WHAT THE HELL'S THIS? WHAT THE HELL'S THIS?
HIS NAME'S LEO.
"HE CAN'T TALK. I BROUGHT HIM BACK FROM THE DEAD. WELL, SORT OF. HE USED TO BE GIÒ SABATINI, BUT HE ISN'T ANYMORE.
"IN THE AMBUSH THERE WERE JUST... BULLETS EVERYWHERE. GIÒ CAUGHT A COUPLE IN THE HEAD. HIS BRAIN WAS TOO DAMAGED TO BE PRESERVED.
"I WASN'T ABLE TO TRULY RESURRECT HIM.

"I WAS FORCED INTO USING SOME, UH, "MATERIAL," I GUESS, FROM MY GRANDMOTHER'S PRESERVATION VATS.
"GIÒ WAS GONE AND I DIDN'T HAVE ANY MORE BRAINS AND, FUCK IT...GO BIG OR GO HOME.
"WELL, I SUPPOSE I WAS ALREADY HOME, AND I SUPPOSE I WAS DRUNK AND MAYBE A LITTLE HIGH AND...WELL... GIVING GIÒ A LION'S HEAD MADE SENSE AT THE TIME. I GUESS THIS SHIT COMES WITH THE "MAD SCIENTIST" TERRITORY."
SO, THIS THING HAS THIS... THIS GIÒ GUY'S BRAIN?
NO. YOU'RE NOT LISTENING. GIÒ'S DEAD.
THAT'S NOT ONLY A LION'S HEAD, THAT'S A LION'S BRAIN.
SNARL!
SO I WOULDN'T GET TOO CLOSE TO HIM. OR TO ME.
HE DOESN'T LIKE EITHER ONE.


NOW IF WE'RE ALL DONE *POSTURING,* YOU'LL BE WANTING TO SEE BIZDY.
GOD. IS THIS HAPPENING IS THIS...?
DADDY?
OH SHIT. OH THANK YOU.
GO EASY ON BIZDY. SHE'S HAD A HARD ROAD.
YEAH? YOU THINK *SHE* DID? BIZDY HAD IT EASY. SHE WAS JUST *ASLEEP.*
I WAS THE ONE WHO WASN'T SLEEPING.
WHAT AN ASSHOLE.

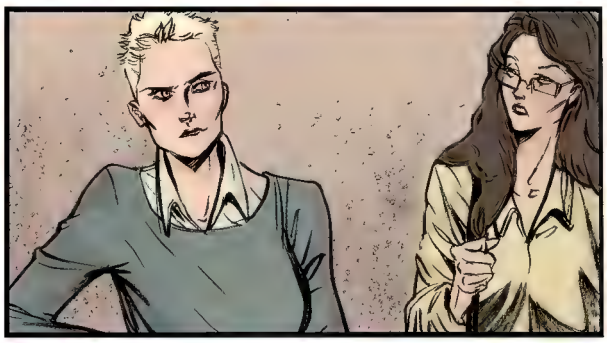

WAS YOUR TEAM RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT THING WITH SHARPY, A FEW DAYS BACK?
NO COMMENT.
THAT ALWAYS MEANS *YES.*

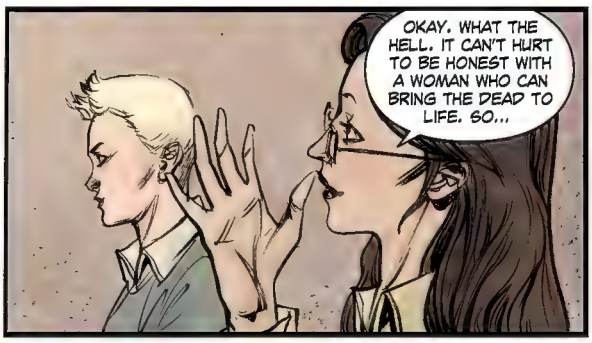

WELL THEN, NO COMMENT ON *THAT,* EITHER.
ARE YOU EVER GOING BACK TO YOUR OLD JOB, TO THE POLICE?
AND DON'T TELL ME *NO COMMENT* BECAUSE IF YOU *ARE,* THEN I'VE GOT A HELL OF A LOT OF WORK TO DO, COVERING UP OUR RECENT ASSOCIATION.
AND *I'D* HAVE TO EXPLAIN HOW I BROUGHT MY TEAM BACK FROM THE DEAD, SO, NO, I'M NOT GOING BACK.

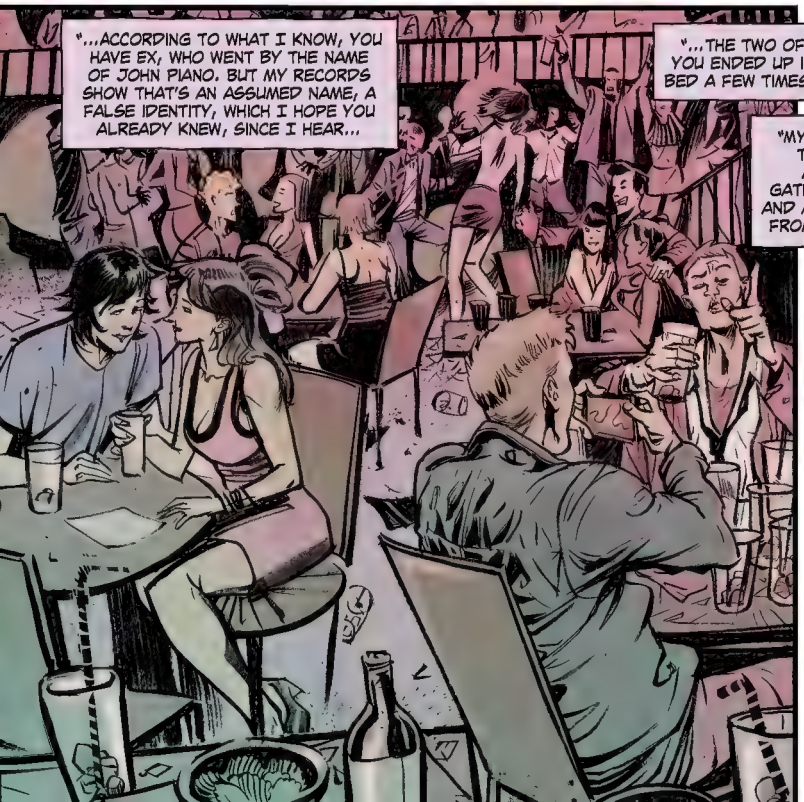
AND DON'T ASK ME WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO WITH OUR LIVES NOW, BECAUSE I'D REALLY HAVE NO COMMENT, BECAUSE I REALLY DON'T HAVE A CLUE.

OH, I THINK YOU HAVE A CLUE.
HOW'S THAT?
WELL, I'M GOING TO GUESS THAT SHARPY WAS ONLY THE FIRST. YOU DON'T SEND A MESSAGE LIKE THAT AND THEN QUIT WRITING NOTES, IF YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN.

SO BESIDES THIS LION THAT BIZDY CLEARLY ADORES AND THAT SARKK WANTS TO FIGHT, WHO ELSE DO YOU HAVE WORKING WITH YOU?
YOU TELL ME, HARRISON. IF I KNOW BIZ, HE'S HAD YOU WORK UP DOSSIERS ON EACH OF US.




OKAY. WHAT THE HELL. IT CAN'T HURT TO BE HONEST WITH A WOMAN WHO CAN BRING THE DEAD TO LIFE. SO...


"...ACCORDING TO WHAT I KNOW, YOU HAVE EX, WHO WENT BY THE NAME OF JOHN PIANO. BUT MY RECORDS SHOW THAT'S AN ASSUMED NAME, A FALSE IDENTITY, WHICH I HOPE YOU ALREADY KNEW, SINCE I HEAR...

"...THE TWO OF YOU ENDED UP IN BED A FEW TIMES.
"MY RESEARCH SHOWS THAT EX IS GOOD AT INFORMATION GATHERING, SEDUCTION, AND AT HITTING A TARGET FROM TWO MILES AWAY.
"HE ENJOYS WATCHING SOCCER AND PLAYING BASEBALL.
"HE'D LOVE TO BE AN ARTIST OF SOME TYPE. A PAINTER, MAYBE? A SCULPTOR? HE SEEMS TO DRIFT."

THAT HE DOES. WHAT ELSE YOU HAVE ON HIM?
WELL, I THINK HE'S BEEN HUNTING FOR THE PEOPLE WHO AMBUSHED YOUR SQUAD. IS THAT TRUE?
"YES, HARRISON. THAT'S TRUE."
HAVE YOU BEEN TRYING TO SEDUCE ME, YOU NAUGHTY BOY?
I'M ONLY A WINGMAN. THE BOURBON IS THE ONE THAT'S HAD HIS EYE ON YOU.
BUT WE COULD MAKE IT A THREESOME, IF YOU'D LIKE.
I MYSELF PROMISE TO BE GENTLE, BUT...MY FRIEND HERE...I CAN'T SPEAK FOR HIM.
GIVE ME A SECOND TO FRESHEN UP. YOU TWO GET COMFORTABLE.
THAT WE WILL, BRENDA.
THAT WE WILL.

BEYOND EX, I KNOW YOU HAVE SOMEONE NAMED... GEMINI? I'M NOT SURE WHO THAT IS.
TO BE HONEST, I'M INTRIGUED. I DON'T FAIL VERY OFTEN WHEN I'M ASSEMBLING MY DOSSIERS. CARE TO FILL ME IN?
"AHH, GEMINI. YEAH.
"WELL, GEMINI IS ONE PERSON, BUT RESURRECTED FROM TWO.
"YOU SEE, I RESURRECTED GEMINI FROM TWO OF MY MURDERED FRIENDS. BALDASSARE PRATT AND HUGO MATTOTTI. A WOMAN AND A MAN.
"THEY WERE SIMPLY TOO FAR GONE TO BE RESURRECTED ALONE, SO I BLENDED THEM TOGETHER, PHYSICALLY.
"TAKING SOME PARTS OF EACH OF THEM. IT WENT SURPRISINGLY SMOOTH.
"THEIR *PERSONALITIES* HAVE BLENDED, TOO.
"NOT AS SMOOTH."
LET'S HAVE THE PASTA.
I WANT A BURGER.

HAVE YOU DECIDED?
YES. THE PASTA.
THE BURGER.

YOU WANT THE PASTA AND THE BURGER? OUR PORTIONS ARE LARGE. THAT'S RATHER A LOT OF FOOD. WILL SOMEONE BE JOINING YOU, THEN?
I JUST WANT THE PASTA.
I JUST WANT THE BURGER.

WAIT. DID YOU HEAR THAT?
DID I HEAR WHAT?
WILL... WILL SOMEONE BE JOINING US?

HA HA HA!

HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
BRRRP
PEW
PEW

THEN, AS TO THE OTHERS ON YOUR SQUAD, I KNOW THERE'S HADRY. SHE'S--
HADRY'S DEAD.

DEAD? BUT I THOUGHT...
SHE DIED IN THE AMBUSH. A BULLET TO HER BRAIN.
HADRY

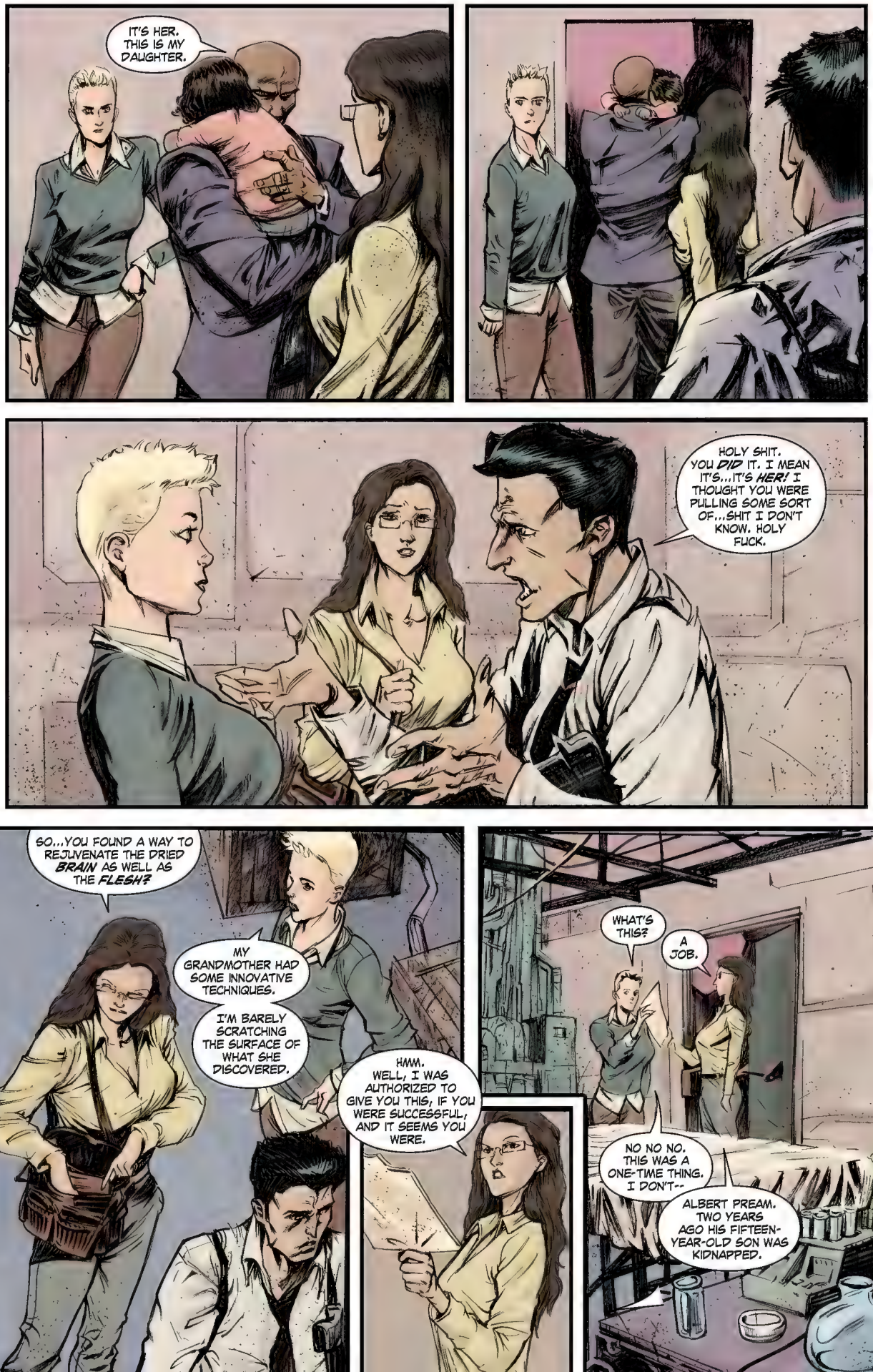
"THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT *THAT*.
"SO I HAD ANOTHER DIP INTO MY FAMILY'S PRESERVATION VATS.

"IN THIS CASE, I NABBED A BRAIN FROM LUISA FALCONETTO, WHO TURNED OUT TO BE AN EARLY ITALIAN SUFFRAGIST, A POLITICAL RABBLE-ROUSER...
"...A WOMAN EXECUTED IN A QUASI-LEGAL FASHION FOR THE APPALLING CRIME OF BEING AN OUTSPOKEN FEMALE."
AND SHE'S OUT HUNTING THE PEOPLE WHO AMBUSHED YOU WITH THE OTHERS?
HER? NO. HARDLY.

"SHE'S OUT LOOKING TO GET LAID."
HEY! NICE LEGS, PRETTY LADY!
NOBS.
WHAT?
GAHH!
THUUP
NOBS.
GAHH
HEY! EXCUSE ME! YOU WITH THE PRETTY LEGS AND THE AMAZING HAIR!
YOU HAVE TIME FOR A DRINK?
"CAN'T HARDLY BLAME HER. I'D BE AN ABSOLUTE *DOG* IF I HADN'T GOTTEN LAID IN A HUNDRED YEARS."

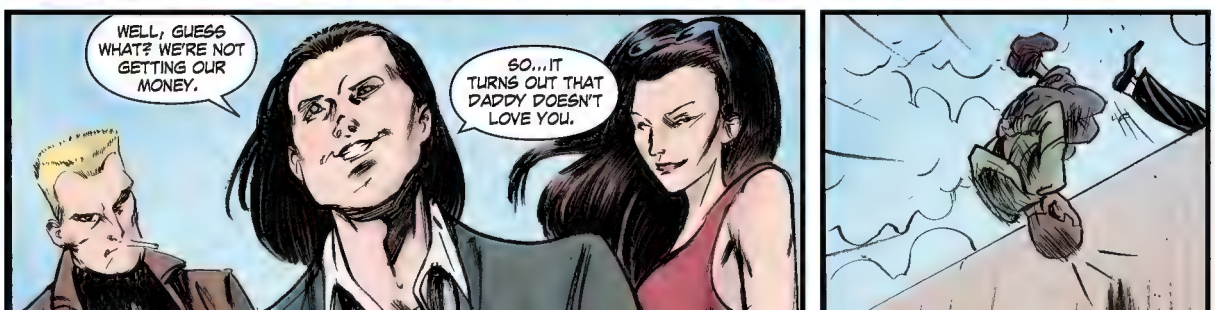
SO, THAT'S ALL YOUR GROUP HAS BEEN DOING? GETTING LAID AND FINDING OUT WHO AMBUSHED YOU?
IT KEEPS US BUSY.
"I NEED TO KNOW WHO KILLED MY FRIENDS. IN CASE YOU DIDN'T UNDERSTAND, NOT ALL OF THEM CAME BACK. NOT REALLY.
"SO, YES, WE'VE BEEN ON THE HUNT. BUT EVERYTHING LEADS TO A DEAD END. NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING
"EVERYONE WAS HIRED BY A DEAD DROP, WHICH I SUPPOSE MIGHT BE A CLUE IN OF ITSELF.
"SO, WE'RE HUNTING, BUT I'M LOST WITHOUT THE PRECINCT'S RESOURCES, SO MOSTLY WE'RE TRYING TO FIT IN, NOW THAT WE'VE CHANGED.
"WE'RE JUST TRYING TO FIND OUR PLACE."
OPEN YOUR EYES. YOU'VE *FOUND* YOUR PLACE.

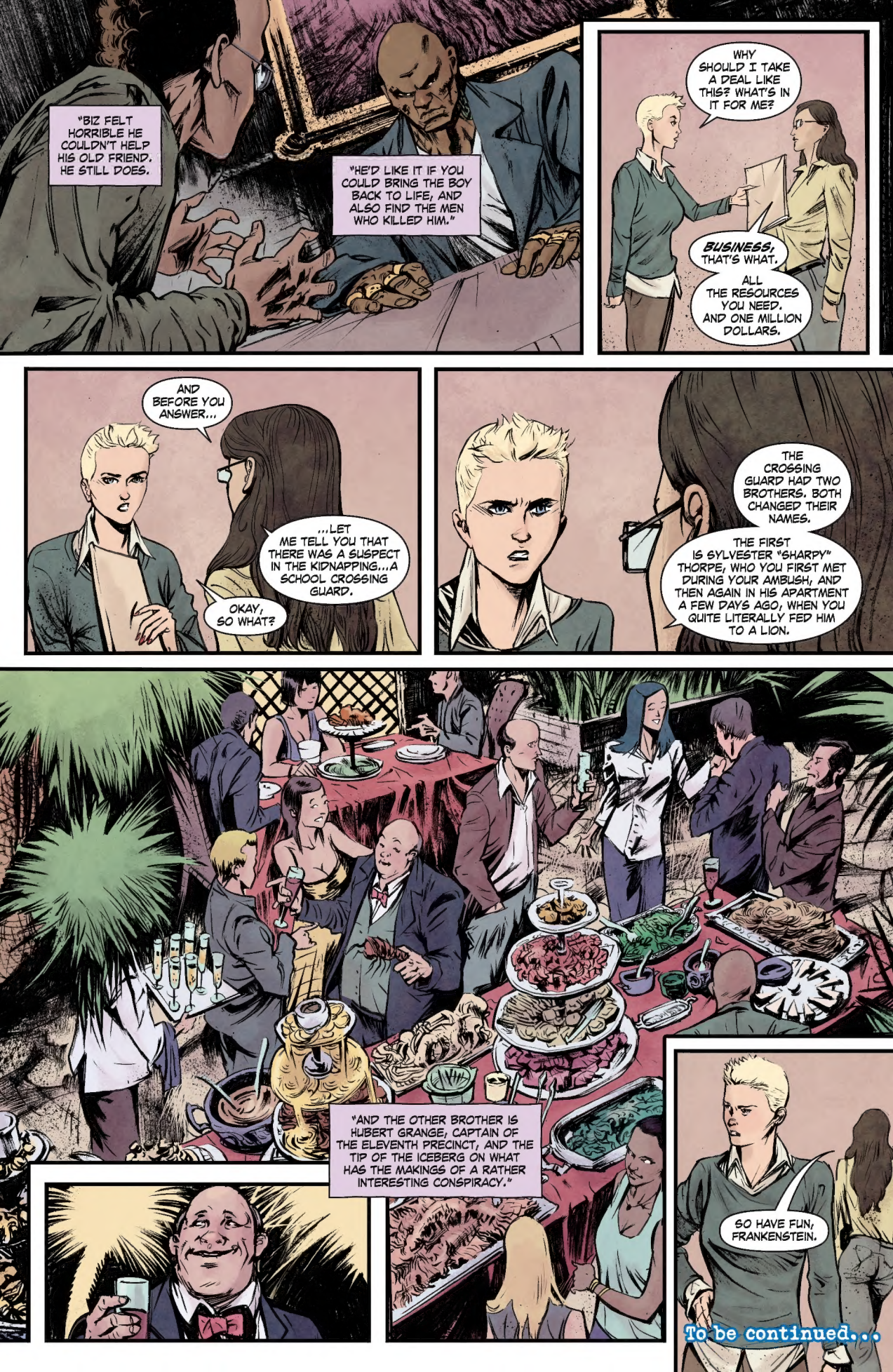
"WHAT YOU'VE DONE HERE, JUTTE... THIS IS WHO YOU ARE."
DADDY, WHY ARE YOU CRYING?


IT'S HER. THIS IS MY DAUGHTER.
HOLY SHIT. YOU DID IT. I MEAN IT'S...IT'S HER! I THOUGHT YOU WERE PULLING SOME SORT OF...SHIT I DON'T KNOW. HOLY FUCK.
SO...YOU FOUND A WAY TO REJUVENATE THE DRIED BRAIN AS WELL AS THE FLESH?
MY GRANDMOTHER HAD SOME INNOVATIVE TECHNIQUES.
I'M BARELY SCRATCHING THE SURFACE OF WHAT SHE DISCOVERED.
HMM. WELL, I WAS AUTHORIZED TO GIVE YOU THIS, IF YOU WERE SUCCESSFUL, AND IT SEEMS YOU WERE.
WHAT'S THIS?
A JOB.
NO NO NO. THIS WAS A ONE-TIME THING. I DON'T--
ALBERT PREAM. TWO YEARS AGO HIS FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD SON WAS KIDNAPPED.

WHO'S ALBERT PREAM?
"AN ACQUAINTANCE OF BIZ'S. THEY WERE COLLEGE ROOMMATES. ALBERT IS A GEOLOGY PROFESSOR, NOW. HE WAS NEVER IN THE BUSINESS.
"HE COULDN'T PAY THE RANSOM. THEY WANTED MILLIONS. HE SCRAMBLED TO SAVE HIS SON, PLEADING FOR MORE TIME, BEGGING THE POLICE TO FIND THE KIDNAPPERS.

"FINALLY, HE CAME TO BIZ. HE PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE COME TO US FIRST. ANYWAY, IT DOESN'T MATTER, NOW.
"IT WAS TOO LATE."


WELL, GUESS WHAT? WE'RE NOT GETTING OUR MONEY.
SO... IT TURNS OUT THAT DADDY DOESN'T LOVE YOU.


"BIZ FELT HORRIBLE HE COULDN'T HELP HIS OLD FRIEND. HE STILL DOES.
"HE'D LIKE IT IF YOU COULD BRING THE BOY BACK TO LIFE, AND ALSO FIND THE MEN WHO KILLED HIM."
WHY SHOULD I TAKE A DEAL LIKE THIS? WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?
BUSINESS, THAT'S WHAT.
ALL THE RESOURCES YOU NEED. AND ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
AND BEFORE YOU ANSWER...
...LET ME TELL YOU THAT THERE WAS A SUSPECT IN THE KIDNAPPING...A SCHOOL CROSSING GUARD.
OKAY, SO WHAT?
THE CROSSING GUARD HAD TWO BROTHERS. BOTH CHANGED THEIR NAMES.
THE FIRST IS SYLVESTER "SHARPY" THORPE, WHO YOU FIRST MET DURING YOUR AMBUSH, AND THEN AGAIN IN HIS APARTMENT A FEW DAYS AGO, WHEN YOU QUITE LITERALLY FED HIM TO A LION.
"AND THE OTHER BROTHER IS HUBERT GRANGE, CAPTAIN OF THE ELEVENTH PRECINCT, AND THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG ON WHAT HAS THE MAKINGS OF A RATHER INTERESTING CONSPIRACY."
SO HAVE FUN, FRANKENSTEIN.
To be continued...

NEXT ISSUE

TESTIMONIAL WITH...

KATE

ONI PRESS
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HELLO, DEAR READER!

I'm Kate, the new junior graphic designer here at Oni Press. It's lovely to meet you! You seem like a wonderful person. For one thing, you have great taste in comics.

Since we're getting to know each other, here's the basics on me: I've lived in Portland for seven years; I've got the world's best dog (Winston the Sharkpig: a worried, silly, very sincere pibble with an underbite); I'm always cold (possibly part lizard, who knows).

I've been working at Oni for about six months now, which is long enough to have done at least a little bit of work for most of our titles. One coming out this month that I am particularly excited about is *The Tea Dragon Society* by Katie O'Neill, the creator of *Princess Princess Ever After.* It follows a young apprentice blacksmith and her new friends as she learns the dying art of caring for tea dragons.

Katie's art is gorgeous, and the whole book is just overflowing with kindness, friendship, and gentle, thoughtful moments. Plus, the tea dragons are freaking ADORABLE. If you're still looking for a Halloween costume, you are allowed to steal the idea of dressing up as a tea dragon, as long as you share pics with our Oni social media accounts so that we can see your creation!

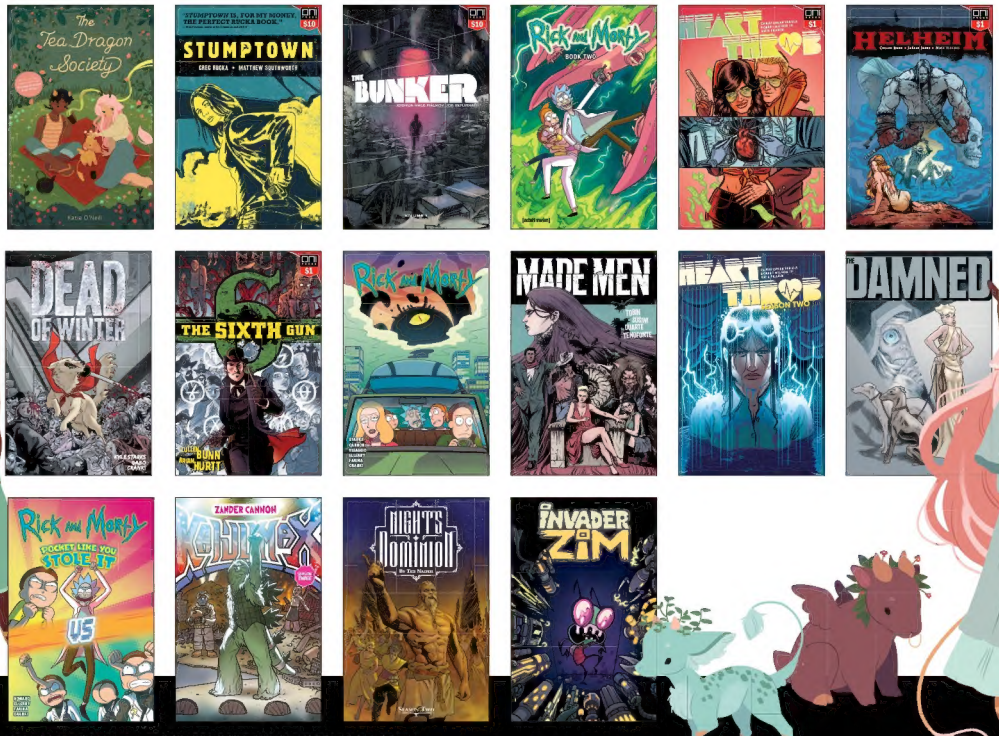
Other things I've been looking forward to coming out this month: the titles we're adding to our Square One program! Starting this month, you can get the first volumes of *The Bunker* and *Stumptown* for just $10. With autumn getting underway, it's a perfect time to get cozily addicted to these series.

The Bunker is about five friends who go to bury a time capsule, only to find a rusty bunker with their names carved on the door and mysterious letters from their future selves inside. *Stumptown* is perfect Portland noir: gloomy weather, a P.I. in over her head, and a missing persons case. Both books are super atmospheric, and a perfect lead-in to the fall season.

Well, I've got to go work on my own Halloween costume—it was lovely to meet you! Keep reading, keep warm, and stay kind.

Best,
Kate Z. Stone
Junior Graphic Designer

▸ WHAT'S NEW THIS MONTH



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